

Story #506 (Tape #16, 1974)

Narrator: İdris Okan,
elderly man

Location: Belekçe Han
Kavağı köyü,
Akdağmadeni kazası,
Yozgat

Date: August 9, 1974

Age 8
man ~ file

The Years of a Man's Life¹

I was red blood, oh, in the mother's womb.

I was amri(?) keb(?), I became red blood.

You gave me the form of a human being--

He stands up, falls, and sits down at five--

Four--ten--years of age-- He stands up, falls, and sits down at six months.

At five, he assumes the value of a human being.

He becomes muddy, grey waters at fifteen.

His face resembles the water that flows away.

He grows a black moustache at twenty,

He grows a black beard at thirty,

He sits cross-legged at forty;

His face resembles a slightly withered rose.

At fifty, the black beard grows grey,

At sixty, your skin gets wrinkled,

At seventy, his wits disappear and his reason declines;

¹ Sung, without accompaniment. Narrator claimed he knew and recited from oral tradition passages from Yunus Emre (d.1307), Ruhsatî (?), and Süleymanî-- presumably Süleyman Çelebi (d.1422), author of Mevlî (Mevlid, Mevlüt).

Story #506

His face resembles a slightly withered rose

At eighty, they unhitch him like a camel,

At ninety, his bone ache,

At one hundred, ghazis fly away;

His face resembles a withered rose.